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"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

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NORTH TRANSEPT.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Dedicated to St. Peter, its site was anciently called Thorney Island. The church is ascribed to Sebert, king of the East Saxons, in the first year of the seventh century.

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The edifice was afterwards repaired and enlarged by Offa, king of Mercia, but suffered greatly during the Danish invasions. The present church was built by Henry III, except the upper parts of the western

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towers, which were completed by Sir Christopher Wren. This edifice is one of the finest examples of the pointed or Gothic style of architecture in the kingdom; and, excepting Salisbury cathedral, it is the most perfect of any remaining. Its total length is 530 feet, that of the transept 203, and the height of the western towers 225 feet.

On entering this venerable edifice from the west, the interior produces a most striking effect, the view from that point being more extensive and unbroken, and the architectural character of the building more apparent, than from any other. The choir, which is fitted up for divine service, excites considerable interest from the grandeur of the perspective; it is entered from the nave under the organ gallery: there are also entrances to it from the transepts. Immediately behind the choir is the chapel of Edward the Confessor, containing the shrine and remains of its saintly founder, and monuments of Henry III, Edward I, and his queen Eleanor, Edward III, and his queen Philippa, Richard II, and his first consort Anne of Bohemia, and Henry V.

In the north transept are the monuments for Pitt, Fox, the great Earl of Chatham, Captains Bayne, Blair, and Lord Robert Manners, Earl of Mansfield, Francis Horner, Sir Eyre Coote, Earl of Halifax, Warren Hastings, Dr. Boulter, &c. &c.

The north and south aisles of the choir contain many memorials for naval officers, musicians, and others.

The south transept has been very appropriately named Poet's Corner, on account of the numerous poets and men of genius and science who are interred, or have memorials, there. It contains the monuments of Shakspeare, Chaucer, Spenser, Camden, Casaubon, Barrow, Ben Jonson, Milton, Butler, Sir Isaac Newton, Drayton, Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Gay, Pringle, Hales, Barrow, St. Evremond, Prior, Handel, Gray, Garrick, Rowe, Thomson, Anstey, and many others. In the pavement are slabs in memory of old Parr, Davenant, Dr. Johnson, Chambers, Adams, Cumberland, and Sheridan.

Adjoining to the east end of the church is the magnificent chapel called, after the name of its founder, Henry the VII's. This chapel, called by Leland "a wonder of the world," was completed in the year 1512. Its extreme length outside is 115 feet, and breadth 79 and a half. It is a rich specimen of the most florid style of pointed architecture. Every part of it is covered with sculptural decorations, "as though the artist had intended to give to stone the character of embroidery, and enclose his walls within the meshes of lace-work." The decorations of the interior are equally rich and beautiful.

## A STORY ABOUT KIT CUCUMBER, THE MAN WHO NEVER GOT INTO A PASSION.

(Concluded from page 358.)

Miss Emma Lambert, so soon to be linked in the bonds of matrimony, was a little laughing Saxon blue-eyed beauty, of three-and-twenty, fresh in accomplishments from the repertoire of a fashionable ladies' boarding school, and the pet offspring of a fine old English farmer, who had converted the produce of his broad acres to a tolerably handsome account, and thought it possibly the proper time now to move his daughter a grade higher in the scale of social gentility. Caroline Merton, the orphan daughter of a city merchant, whose failure and subsequent death had thrown her upon the world with no resources but her own talents for a subsistence, had been Emma's schoolfellow; and a similarity of taste and pursuits had expanded the evanescent acquaintance of girlhood into a firm and sincere friendship. Caroline was about three years her senior, and in person at least presented a strong contrast to Emma. With a tall and rather slim figure, a fine, oval, pensive countenance, and a pair of full, lustrous black eyes, there was united a poetic and somewhat romantic temperament, which distinguished her character from that of her more volatile companion. Perhaps this diversity of disposition may have had its due effect in harmonising the nature of their intercourse; but be this as it may, it answered every purpose in attracting the attention of admirers who could not possibly have made them consider each other as rivals. During one of her more protracted sojourns at The Grange, Caroline Merton became introduced to the hero of our narrative; and, whether the influence of her eyes at once penetrated Kit's heart, or whether the love-making that his friend Harry was carrying on tolerably strong at that time may be considered, with other dangerous disorders, infectious, is not recorded in the family history, but it soon became pretty manifest to everybody but themselves, that one Christopher Cucumber had become rather deeply smitten with the fascinating Carry Merton. Just at the critical period, however, when the interesting question either could, would, or should have been popped, affairs of moment called Kit back to town; and before time could be given for an explanation, Miss Merton received an offer, too eligible to refuse, to go out to India as companion to an officer's lady, who was about to join her husband. Fortune, that juggles with the destinies of individuals in so eccentric a fashion, interposed, however, and prevented her departure. Only a week prior to their arranged day of leaving England, a letter came to hand that announced his immediate return

home, in compliance with orders; and thus by an accident, which it is honestly believed contributed secretly to her satisfaction, Caroline was again compelled to resume her previous avocation of morning governess. It was whilst giving a music lesson in the neighbourhood that Emma again encountered her, having gone herself to pay a visit to the mistress of the house, little expecting to find in the morning governess of her acquaintance, so unexpected a guest as her old friend and schoolmate. What followed the recognition has already been hinted at by Emma's "intended" during his colloquy in the chambers, and we may now therefore return to our hero, who, after revelling all night in a dream which blended long ringlets, black eyes, green pathways, twisting hop-poles, sentimental ballads, Gravesend steamers, and "Sir Roger de Coverley," in a confused heap together, now awoke to the cold grey light which struggled through the curtains of his bed-chamber, and a matter-of-fact consciousness that St. Clement's clock was then striking five. Everybody knows—or if everybody don't, they soon may learn from experience—that getting up at five of a cold autumnal morning is certainly not to be included among the social pleasures of this life. Everything has a repulsive, cheerless damp about it, from the shining slated roofs of the opposite houses, to the slippery road which is only traversed by a rumbling market-cart or a rakish-looking cab, with a very seedy individual inside, who gets pertinaciously oblivious about the toll when they come to Waterloo Bridge. Kit certainly felt rather reluctant to encounter the waking miseries of the hour; but recollecting that he had to meet Harry Sharpe at Nicholson's wharf by half-past seven, and remembering the rich recompense that would reward his self-denial at The Grange, he battled manfully with the dazy suggestions of quiescent coosiness, and throwing himself vigorously out of bed, proceeded towards the window to ascertain the state of the weather.

It was decidedly no very agreeable prospect. A cold sleety rain, drenching to the skin those whose avocations had already compelled them to encounter it; and sudden gusts, which wrenched umbrellas from hands that bore them, and sent wet avalanches of gingham into the faces of foot-passengers coming in an opposite direction, gave no promise of a very delightful day. "Never mind," thought Kit; "it will clear up presently;" and with this consolatory reflexion he hastily robed himself, and began—for Kit was a bachelor in chambers, recollect—to light the fire, and prepare breakfast. Now these operations are most assuredly easy enough in themselves, when the accessories are at hand, and no obsta-

cle intervenes; but Kit's evil star was in the ascendant that morning, and he found difficulties where they were least expected. First, the wood was damp, and resisted all attempts at ignition; then the coals were as anti-inflammable as though they had been asbestos; and after these minor annoyances had been surmounted, and the little brass kettle had been fairly consigned to the fiery ordeal, a puff of smoke indignantly refused to make its exit by the chimney, and diffused itself in a remonstrative shower of small "blacks" about the apartment. We have already described Kit as one not addicted to any sudden ebullitions of anger; but he had never before had his imperturbability subjected to such a severe test as this. The linen portion of his apparel, which he had just before suspended in all its unexceptionably-starched purity before the fire, was now converted into the semblance of a soot-bag, and driven down by the spasmodic gusts of an unquestionable north-easter, the smoke, emboldened by the success of the first adventurous puff, came out stronger than ever, and with a rebellious determination about it that set all opposition at defiance. It was in vain that our hero frantically flung up the window, and went through a series of philosophical experiments with the door, the insidious invader of domestic peace would not be persuaded to best a retreat, and Kit was compelled at last to endure the mortification of Ixion, and put up with a cloud instead of something more substantial. To speak sooth, Kit *did* get a little cross and peevish about losing his breakfast, and once or twice he found himself nearly betrayed into the utterance of an anathema against the smoke, but he resisted the fiend manfully, and conquered. At last, after a fearful succession of struggles against the elementary enemies of fire, air, and water, Kit found himself duly attired in the choicest apparel his wardrobe could provide; and sallying forth from beneath the pillars in Pickett-street, which seem especially erected for the convenience of baked potato vendors and street exhibitors, he heard the horological monitor of St. Clement's striking seven.

"In very good time indeed," thought Kit, as he smiled approvingly on the clock at the baker's, which confirmed the first announcement; "and we shall have a pleasant excursion down the river after all," but the rain, as if in direct opposition to his hopes, came down at that instant faster and steadier than ever, and compelled Kit to take refuge on a door-step, whilst a telegraphic communication was established with a glazed hat and straw stockings which were alone visible at the cab-stand opposite. After rousing with some difficulty the driver of the foremost cab on the

rank, and making that sleepy individual conscious that he was not snugly bedded in his own domicile, the waterman introduced Kit to the interior of the vehicle, and transmitted the intelligence of his destination with an electric speed that must have resulted from the galvanic agency of the little circular plates of copper stamped with the royal features, which now found their way into his pockets. Away through the miry streets rolled the cab, dashing past dripping newsboys on their way home with the morning papers, and yawning apprentices detaching unwieldy shutters, to undergo their daily imprisonment within: away through St. Paul's churchyard, with the wheels hissing round and round through the puddles fizzing and sputtering like Catherine wheels, and showering sparks of mud in all directions: away into Cheapside and Cornhill, and then with a sudden jolt, jerk, and crash, the cab came into collision with a railway omnibus, sending the horse down on its knees, the driver on to the pavement, and Kit into a state of mind that left considerable obscurity on the question where at that precise moment he believed himself to be deposited.

Fortunately, after a moment's examination, no other injury was found to have accrued from the accident, than a fracture of the shafts of the vehicle; this was, however, sufficient to preclude the possibility of Mr. Christopher Cucumber pursuing his journey by the same conveyance, and he therefore heroically determined to brave the weather, and walk the remainder of the distance. There was a short cut, he knew, existing somewhere in that locality, which would bring him down to the riverside quicker than by pursuing the sinuities of the ordinary thoroughfare, and threading the mazes of the first alley on the right which presented itself, he walked resolutely on, fully believing that he was going in the right direction. To those, however, and Kit was one amongst the number, who are not versed in city topography, there is no region so apt to bewilder one's notions of the points of the compass as the one he was traversing. The interminable chain of offices and warehouses branching off at right angles to each other, and inflicting the continual necessity of turning round the corner, mystified our hero so much, that after about half-an-hour's pretty smart walking he found himself suddenly precipitated through a narrow court into the extreme end of White-chapel. "Confoundedly vexing!" said Kit to himself, when made aware of the blunder he had committed; "Harry Sharpe will be tired of waiting at the wharf, and start without me!" There was, however, no time for indulging in useless lamentations, so, carefully retracing his steps, our

hero strove vigorously through the rain to keep up his wonted equanimity, and had actually so far succeeded as to hum with doleful hilarity the burden of some lugubrious comic song which had been often given by him with unbounded applause in his capacity of "Most Noble Grand" at the weekly meetings of "The Festive Knights of the Round Table." Running, rather than walking, during the remainder of his exploring tour, Kit at last arrived at the London Bridge wharf, almost breathless from the exertion, and nearly soaked through with the rain. Everything and everybody in the place appeared merged into a scene of inextricable hurry and confusion. Passengers bustling down the steps one way, and porters with pyramids of portmanteaus struggling off in another; periodical vendors, office-keepers, coachmen, cab-drivers, and country cousins, all talking at once, and moving to and fro, as if the primary object of their assembling was the greatest bewilderment of the greatest number—these and the other multifarious concomitants of a steamboat wharf on an autumnal morning, completed the picture of chaos which now burst upon Mr. Cucumber's astounded vision.

"Half-past seven o'clock boat gone yet?" gasped Kit, as an official hurried by.

"No, sir, just starting; follow me, or you'll be too late," and the panting querist had only just time to obey the injunctions of his guide, and race over the slippery plank, off the stone steps on to the deck of the vessel, when the signal was given for departure, and the steamer was set in motion.

"Thank goodness!" muttered Kit, as he propped himself against the heated box of the funnel to dry his coat and rest his limbs. "Thank goodness, I am all right now at last;" and after having amused himself during his stay in that position by reconnoitring his fellow-passengers; and becoming satisfied that Harry Sharpe was not amongst the number, he consoled himself with a determination to wait at the Town-pier, Gravesend, until that individual arrived, and then to administer a severe and dignified reprimand for the delay he had occasioned. In the meantime, the clattering of knives and forks, plates and tea-cups, and other similar manifestations of a matin meal, stole upon Mr. Cucumber's ear with a pleasant sound, which served to tranquillise his perturbed spirit, and reminded him that a hearty breakfast on board would by no means be a bad substitute for the scanty snack which the smoke had nearly deprived him of before starting. Descending to the cabin, whence the savoury fumes of tea and coffee rose seductively to the upper air, Kit found the long table so prodigally provided with viands,

which were so fully appreciated by the double rows of hungry passengers garnishing the extreme sides thereof, that he paused in admiration on the threshold, as one witnessing a scene which, to a philanthropic mind like his, was truly delightful to contemplate. Such wonderful rounds of beef, and such remarkably fine chimes, all scattered in convenient proximity to everybody, were enough of themselves to create an appetite; and he having one ready-made, consequently lost no time in fixing himself in the midst.

Never before had Kit displayed such a ferocious appetite, and the innate good humour of his disposition oozed out more freely than ever, as the rolls and butter at his side disappeared with the fragrant inhibition of the mocha, like the magical articles dexterously made to vanish by the potent hand of a professor of legerdemain. The weather too, which had been so perversely gloomy all the morning, now began to realise Kit's sanguine prediction and clear up in earnest, sending bright rays of sunshine through the cabin windows and attracting grumbling passengers to the deck, who all, singularly enough, had prognosticated a fine day, though they had, apparently, little faith in their vaticination by coming prepared with every habiliments to encounter a wet one.

"What's to pay, steward?" exclaimed Kit, as that bustling functionary came bustling round to collect the pecuniary amount of each individual's repast.

"Breakfast—eighteen-pence, sir, if you please."

Kit thrust his hand confidently into his side pocket to discharge the claim, and the steward patiently awaited its withdrawal. It was a critical moment. Kit, baffled in the first attempt to extract money from one part of his vest, tried another, but with no better success. Then came more rapid and less confidential divings into every imaginable hole and corner of his apparel, and with every failure Kit's face grew redder and redder, and the countenance of the claimant longer and longer. At last the painful truth flashed suddenly upon him; his pocket had been picked of purse and pocket-book during his exploring tour that morning in Whitechapel. Something sounding extremely like an anathema issued from the hitherto immaculate lips of our exasperated hero.

"Sorry to hurry you, sir, but when you are quite disengaged"—vindictively urged the steward, brushing off imaginary crumbs from the table, as a kind of excuse for loitering, and leaving his victim to fill up the hiatus.

Kit never felt the tones of the human voice grate so harshly on his ear. They

vibrated like the closing chimes of the bell which warns the condemned criminal of his last moment.

It was of no avail that he assumed an air of confidence, and recommenced his searches; the precise reason of his non-compliance with the request must come out at last, and this Kit, with as much assurance as he could command on emergency, now communicated to the anxious steward. But there are some men who are obstinately incredulous in such circumstances, and the proprietor of the consumed breakfast was one of them. He didn't believe in such things as pickpockets, not he, though they might dress themselves up like gentlemen, and walk about on steamers for what he knew, and order things that they never intended to pay for; but he had only read of such doings in newspapers, and never saw one in his life that he knew of, though he didn't know how soon he might, and so on.

At last Kit bethought himself of an expedient—he would deposit his silk umbrella with the steward as security for the ultimate payment, and this arrangement, after some hesitation, was accepted.

And now, cheered by the reflection that this dilemma had been favourably surmounted, our hero, whose faith in impartiality of temper had already become somewhat shaken, began to brighten up with the sunbeams, and ascended to the deck to recover his lost equanimity. Another surprise was, however, in store for him. The steamer had made such rapid progress during the time he was breakfasting and the period occupied by the unpleasant altercation that ensued, that it had now nearly got out of sight of land altogether, and the expanded view of the river, therefore, puzzled Cucumber mightily. It was something like seeing a well-known but unexpected vision in a dream, when the spectator having gone off to sleep without knowing it, feels himself under the influence of imagination without believing it.

"What place is that yonder?" inquired the bewildered passenger, indicating an indefinite object with a confused recollection of having seen it before, and anxiously awaiting a reply from the man at the helm.

"That, sir? Why, that's what we call the buoy at the Nore," responded the helmsman, with no very high opinion of his interrogator's knowledge of geography.

"Buoy—Nore—why where—where on earth is this steamer going to?"

"Why, where should it be going to but Margate, to be sure?"

Kit saw it all. Another disaster had occurred. In his hurry to get on board at the wharf, he had never thought of looking after the vessel's destination; and now he began to sink under the pressure of calamity.



ties, he grew morose and testy, out of humour with himself and all the world, with every particle of his milk of human kindness curdled and sour.

Leaving his outer coat in custody with the collector as a temporary substitute for the payment of a seven-shilling fare, Kit arrived, vexed and disconsolate, on the landing-place at Jarvis's Jetty. Everybody had assembled there to welcome everybody they knew; but he had come unrecognised and unknown, and he felt dangerously tempted to seek a saline bath for his woes, and wedge himself permanently between the rocks and sea-weed. The thought too would come across him of the cosy party at the Grange, and the charming company of Carry Merton, and what Harry Sharpe might possibly think of his personal defalcation; and as these phantoms of the brain taunted and giped in mockery of his distress, a bold thought came to the rescue, and routed the others. It was only about five and thirty miles from Margate to Maidstone, and he would resolutely walk the distance. He set off at a furious pace with that determination.

Need we protract the denouement? Need we enter into any long description of how, at twelve o'clock that night, the pleasant party at the Grange were suddenly startled in the midst of a parting chorus by the sudden appearance of a ghost, covered in dust, and how the ghost turned out to be Kit Cucumber? Need we say how glad Kit was to get there, after clinging to backs of stage coaches, and bribing railway-stokers with a silk handkerchief and "Albert cravat" to have a cast down the rail on an engine? Need we repeat the warm congratulations that ensued of Emma Lambert and Harry Sharp on the safety of his arrival, and the expressions of their sympathy with his misadventures throughout the day; and need we inform the reader how a certain young lady was said to have been taxing him with infidelity all the afternoon, and how she now, amidst a perfect floricultural show of blushes, earnestly denied it? No, we are assured such have been already the conclusions every intelligent peruser has drawn from our narrative, and it would be equally uncalled for to state, in addition, how the marriage of Mr. Henry Sharpe with Miss Emma Lambert, the bride was given away by Mr. Christopher Cucumber, and how, on Mr. Cucumber's own marriage with Miss Caroline Merton, a similar service was performed by Mr. Henry Sharpe. More minute historians might make such assertions with some foundation, but we decline a diffuseness so unnecessary. There is one thing, however, we *must* mention, and that is, from the eventful day on which the circumstances above recorded took place, Kit

Cucumber never boasted of his being impervious to annoyances, and frankly acknowledged that, though he had still a due and proper respect for a healthful serenity of temper, he could no longer describe himself as "The man who had never got into a passion." B.

## THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE WOOD,

OR,

### THE TALE OF A COMICAL STICK.

BY T. H. SEALY, Esq.

(Continued from page 359.)

"If I'm not merry, I wot,  
I've a very good reason why:  
At this season 'tis more reason  
I should sorrow and pine and sigh:  
I could smile upon a while,  
Such a heart of oak was I;  
But now I'm old, and my hope is cold,  
And I've nothing better to do than die.  
Now I'm crook'd and my skin is yellow;  
I'm a little old shrivelled fellow:  
But my brain full well remembers  
When I had youth in these screwed members.  
Strength in bone and stress in sinew  
Such as would raise astonishment in you.  
Yea, I'm a little weird old man,  
Mouldy, musty, meagre, marred,  
Worn and withered, wheeled and warted,  
Chinky, cranked, chapped, contorted;  
All my body is kernal and hard,  
All my blood as dry as bran.

But 'tis not for myself I sigh,  
Though for myself I well might moan;  
If I have sorrow I've reason why  
As should I tell you'd surely own."

"Then tell me I pray," said I,  
"What is the reason you have to sigh?  
I will aid you all I can  
So reckon on that, my little old man.  
Only tell me first," I said,

"If the question be not rude,  
Who you are, and whence you sped,  
And how we met in this green wood?"

"Ho," replied the little old man,  
"I am of the fairy clan:  
Once, by all the fairy brood,  
Called the little old man of the wood.  
I'm the Spirit of England's oaks:  
Many an age I've wandered free  
From forest to forest and tree to tree:  
The beams of morn were ever my warners,  
That made me hide in nooks and corners,  
Where the trees grow thick in clumps;  
Or within their rotten stumps,  
Where squats the toad and raven croaks.

"Since you ask the cause that now  
Came I hither to this nook,  
I reply the reason why  
Was a magic in that book;  
And if you desire the how  
Such a charm could be effected,  
I must tell that the spell  
Lies in scattered stanzas three,  
Which at once must be connected  
By the touch; and you wrought such,  
For the first time in all ages,  
Holding it upon your knee  
With your fingers 'twixt the pages."

"I account myself," I said,  
"Very happy in the chance  
That has introduced you to me;  
But my pleasure 'twould enhance  
Could I see a smile instead  
Of that sorrowing look and gloomy.  
Yet if thinking of the present  
Be a subject so unpleasant  
Thus your face to overcast,

Perhaps for both yourself and me,  
The plan, my little man, will be  
To talk a somewhat of the past.  
Give me just in slight connection  
Some what gleaned from retrospection;  
For if you have been a rover  
Several ages as you state,  
When you think the matter over  
You'll have something to relate."

Hervupon the little old man  
Once again to speak began  
Giving vent afresh to sighs,  
And casting up his small brown eyes.  
When cast up, whatever their hue,  
The sum of the twain was found to be two;  
And each of them looked, when so cast up,  
Like to an acorn set in its cup.  
But it's a fact I ought to state,  
My agility was so great  
(More I doubt than you'd have thought it),  
Whenever he cast up an eye I caught it.

He told me of the glorious days  
When England all was filled with trees,  
And every forest filled with fays,  
Who wandered very much at ease,  
And fear'd no eye their troops should spy,  
When the moon was in the sky.

All the tale of their loves and dances,  
All the tale of their fights and tilts,  
How they used spear grass for lances,  
Thorns for swords, with seeds of mallows

Quaintly furnished for the hilts;  
Shells for morions, and for plumes  
The bravest feathers of a lark  
Seized whilst roosting in the dark.

Or the catkin'd flowers of sailows.

Of their feats in woodbine bowers,  
Set on plates of pine-tree bark,

With the blossoms of bell-flowers  
Stack on thorns for drinking beakers,

Filled with all the choicest liquors

That the meadow nectaries fill.

There were acorn bowls replete  
With the honey of wild bees

Stolen from rock, and wood, and hill.

All he said I shan't repeat

Of their meat, conserves, and jellies;  
Brains of wrens and dormice legs;  
Omelets made of bat-moth's eggs,  
Cooked on marsh fires up-blown  
In kitchens of potato stone:

Fibres drawn from vermicellie  
Out of the stems of withered grasses;  
Sugar of cowslips in humble bee's bags  
Salt distilled from the tears of stage,  
Served in little spars for glasses.

"And were you then one of the brood  
Living on such dainty food?"

Interrupting thus, I spoke  
To the little old man of the oak.

"No," the little old man replied,  
"I myself was forest warden:

Somewhat to those little people allied;  
Somewhat a spirit of different order.

Acorns only form my food,  
Wholesome diet though rough and crude.

Now alas!" said the queer old man,  
"All the dear little race are gone:

I alone, of all our clan,  
Sad and sorrowing still live on.

But mine hours are near their end,  
For my term is but to be

Whilst a wood shall still be found  
In the limits of English ground:

Yet decay shall be a friend  
Rather than a foe to me;

For a sorrow grips my heart  
To behold how these depart:

Many a plough and many an axe  
On the remnant make attacks;

Many a perch, and many a rood  
Vanishes daily of English wood.

(To be continued.)

## PUMPKIN PIE.

I was one night sleeping at a friend's house; all the family had retired to rest, and I have no doubt that a perfect stillness prevailed around. Suddenly, a noise like thunder startled me from my slumbers, and as soon as I was able to collect my scattered thoughts, I distinctly heard a series of violent blows against a door at the foot of the staircase leading up to my bedroom. Though the first impression might have been that the disturbance was caused by thieves breaking into the house, it appeared improbable that such characters should make their approach with so much clamour. I instantly leaped out of bed, and arrived in time to see a sight I shall never forget. The owner of the house, who slept on the ground floor, equally astonished with myself at the noise, had also quitted his pillow, and, arming himself with a sword and taper, advanced, in the costume of Iago, when he re-appears upon the stage after stabbing Cassio and Rodorigo, towards the door against which the monotonous thumping still continued at regular intervals. It now appeared that the cause of this alarm was on the inside; and my host, who believed that a party of robbers had introduced themselves into his premises, hailed them in a loud voice, promising that if they did not cease their hammering, and surrender, he would put every one to death. So far from attending to his suggestion the thumps increased in rapidity and violence, and he had scarcely time to put himself in a defensive position when the door burst open and out rushed his assailants—a multitude of round figures, of all sizes, without heads, legs, or arms! His first thought was that the supernatural existences of New South Wales had now, for the first time, revealed themselves to his eyes! Here was material for a fairy tale! The genii of this country, in which everything runs into leg, were then it appeared all body! Such were the fancies that flashed through his mind as he made a desperate lunge at the advancing foe, one of whom he transfixed from breast to back, whilst the rest in an instant overthrew and trampled him under foot, if I may use the expression. And now arose a wild scream—of laughter from myself and the others who had witnessed this mortal combat, for the disturbers of our night's repose were no other than a number of huge pumpkins, which had been placed in a heap upon a press on the landing, and from having been perhaps carelessly piled had given way, and rolled, one by one, down stairs, accumulating at the bottom against the door, until, by their weight, they forced it open! —*Stoke's Australia.*

## PIQUILLO ALLIAGA;

OR,

## THE MOORS IN THE TIME OF PHILIP III.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

From the French of M. Eugene Scribe.]

## CHAPTER XI.—THE CONSULTA.

During the two or three years of Piquillo's residence in the bandit's inn, passed in the instructive society of Carralo and his worthy colleague Juan Baptista Balsiero, other events of somewhat greater importance had transpired in Spain, to which we now invite the attention of the reader. Phillip II had bequeathed to Philip III, his son, war against England, and the Count de Lerma, anxious to immortalise the early part of his administration by a brilliant achievement, equipped a fleet of fifty vessels to effect a descent on the British coast, under the command of Don Martin Padilla. The maritime expeditions of Spain, although undertaken with religious objects in view, and for the supremacy of the catholic faith against a heretic nation and king, never enjoyed a successful issue, and the Count de Lerma's fleet was not a lot more fortunate than its memorable predecessor—the Armada. Scarcely had the vessels put to sea than they were dispersed by a storm, and compelled to take refuge on the coasts of Spain without encountering the enemy. In order to solace himself for this unexpected calamity, the minister might—following the example of Philip II—have exclaimed "I despatched my fleet to fight the enemy, and not to combat the elements!" But far from pursuing this philosophical course, he became obstinate, and determined on seizing the first opportunity of revenge that might offer, without wisely and maturely weighing the consequences.

Ireland had just rebelled against Elizabeth, and the new minister of Philip III, under the pretext of aiding the insurgents, had resolved to take possession of that island. Its vast extent, its extreme fertility, and the convenience of its harbours, which would ensure safe asylums to the Spanish fleet in case of reverses, and place Spain in a condition to dispute the empire of the seas with England and Holland, were the primary reasons for this bold attempt. The aged counsellors of Philip II, many experienced generals (among them Don Juan d'Aguilar, who had been chosen to command the expedition), expressed an opinion, that it was a serious error to suppose that the Irish would so easily be seduced from their fealty to their legitimate sovereign, and yield to the dominion of Spain. That a trivial revolt was not a serious revolution—that it was madness to expect the ready assistance of

the insurgents, and that a force of six thousand men was insufficient to compete with the combined forces of England. In reply the Count de Lerma asserted that the condition of the Spanish exchequer did not justify the equipment of a larger force—that valour was an admirable substitute for numbers, and that if Don Juan d'Aguilar was afraid to undertake the campaign, there were many others willing and able to defend the honour of the Spanish arms! This taunting defiance was two much for the Castilian blood of Don Juan d'Aguilar. Despite his conviction of the frantic character of the enterprise, he accepted the appointment and embarked. The only request he made was, that the fleet should not be commanded by Martin Padilla, his implacable enemy and the Count de Lerma's parasite; but be confided to Don Juan Guevara, a brave officer, under whom he had formerly served in Brittany.

The passage was a prosperous one. The general in chief, with a force of four thousand men, landed in the harbour of Kinsale—took possession of the town, and fortified himself in it, calculating on its serving as a shelter in the event of a reverse. At the same time, his lieutenant Occampo entered Baltimore with his army, and the united forces were about to march into the interior when they learnt that the rebels had been beaten and dispersed by the Irish viceroy;—that their leader, the Earl of Tyrone, had narrowly escaped with the fragments of his force (an ill-equipped band of four thousand peasants), and that the viceroy, who was in close pursuit, had a well-disciplined army of thirty thousand men.

"I foresaw all this," exclaimed d'Aguilar, calmly; "but never mind, let us hasten to their assistance."

And accordingly he proceeded.

Meanwhile the Count de Lerma, never for a moment questioning the success of an expedition devised by himself, looked upon Ireland as already annexed to the Spanish crown, and amused himself by selecting a governor. He hesitated between his uncle, Borja, and his brother-in-law, the Count de Lemos, whom he could not discreetly leave in the viceroyalty of Navarre, where he had already rendered himself obnoxious. The minister's system of government consisted in awarding to his own relations the most lucrative and important offices of the state; for he regarded the Spanish monarchy in the light of a private household, of which he was the chief and his kindred the principal ramifications. It was in keeping with this convenient principle that he had appointed his brother, Barnard de Sandoval, to the double post of archbishop of Toledo and grand inquisitor, the one placing him at the head



of the clerical community, and the other giving despotic sway over the rest of the population.

Bernard de Sandoval was even more dangerous at the head of a government than his brother. The Count de Lerma, indeed, had no character at all, being a reckless man, with the most pliant principles in the world, and ready at all times to change them according to circumstances. His brother, again, plumed himself on the possession of a character. He deluded himself with the idea that he was remarkable for his firmness, in fact, nothing more than downright obstinacy. He never abandoned a single idea that once chanced to enter his fertile brain, and these ideas were almost invariably of a baneful nature. "I break," he would say, "I never bend."

"And I," would say the Count de Lerma, "bend to avoid breaking."

It must be admitted, however, that they each possessed the virtue natural to their faults. The frivolity of the Count de Lerma was partly repaired by acts of generosity. He was considerate in the extreme in matters affecting the interests of his own kindred. He loaded them with gifts, and even lavished gold on some whom he had injured by his acts. As for his prodigality (so distasteful to the Spanish people, who had to pay for it), he never gave it a thought; for regarding the kingdom as though it were entirely his own, he took it for granted that he had a perfect right to dispose of his own property just as he pleased. Bernard de Sandoval, on the contrary, was harsh and stern, and as thrifty as his brother was profuse: never acknowledging a weakness, he loved nothing, gave away nothing—forgave nothing, and was thus admirably qualified for the post of grand inquisitor. He it was who, in the reign of Philip II, entertained the grand idea of the expulsion of the Moors, and communicated the notion to the Count de Lerma, who forthwith took the credit of it to himself, and cherished it, as well calculated to shed immortal lustre on his administration and to consolidate the catholic faith. The majority of the Moors continued, at heart, faithful to their Mahomedan creed. Externally alone they submitted to the usages of the christian religion. They attended mass, simply to avoid certain penalties which their non-attendance would assuredly entail. They brought their children to the baptismal font, but immediately after the ceremony they washed them well with hot water. They would even submit to the ceremonial of marriage in church; but when they got home they closed their doors, and celebrated the event with songs, dancing, and hilarity, according to the custom of their own country. Never

failing to harbour a hope of ultimate deliverance, they kept up a constant correspondence with the Turks and the Moors of Africa. When the Algerine pirates landed on the coast of Andalusia, the Moors, who dwelt on its shores, never sounded the alarm-bell, or took up arms against them; and the Algerines, in return, never committed outrage in the villages inhabited by the Moors, while they made it an invariable rule to reduce every christian they caught to rigid bondage.

Philip II had recourse to very harsh and cruel measures to subdue the large Moorish population who had emigrated into his kingdom. He proscribed many of the customs of their native land, to which they had been wedded from their childhood. He went even the length of compelling their women to appear in public uncovered, and to open the doors of their domestic homes, which the custom of their country kept usually shut. These two regulations were unendurable to a nation jealous to preserve intact the usages of their ancestors. At the least offence, or show of opposition, a menace was held over their heads of tearing from them their children for education in Castile. The use of baths was interdicted to them, and such was the rigour of the dominion under which they dwelt, that music, songs, and fetes (their habitual mode of pastime), were rigidly prohibited.

The exasperated Moors at length took up arms in the mountains of Alpujarras, and defended themselves so vigorously that the picked troops of Spain, commanded by the king's brother, John of Austria, the conqueror of Lepanto, were requisite to bring them into submission. Torrents of blood had flowed on both sides, and it had cost the Spaniards the lives of sixty thousand men—a severe lesson, which taught the conquerors to be less despotic, and the vanquished more resigned to their fate.

Thus was it, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, the period of which we treat, during the first years of the reign of Philip III. The Moors, formerly, for a period of eight hundred years, conquerors and sovereigns of Spain, which they had civilised, had lost successively their independence, their religion, their manners, and their customs. Nothing was now left to them but the soil acquired by their ancestors, and rendered fertile by the sweat of their brow, and to which they were attached.

The Arabs and the Moors had imported into Spain the cultivation of sugar, cotton, and rice. Thanks to their industry, the fertility of the province of Valencia furnished all Europe with the fruits of tropical countries. Three harvests were had

in the year; scarcely had one been reaped before another sprang up, and the assiduous toils of the labourer, aided by the mildness of the climate, and the most ingenious agricultural contrivances, helped to promote so bountiful a fecundity. Flocking from Egypt, from Syria, and from Persia, essentially agricultural countries, the Arabs had transferred into the kingdom of Valentia a system of agriculture perfected by the experience of three thousand years. Nor was industry and commerce less indebted to them. Toledo, Grenada, Cordova, Seville, teemed with manufactories of silk and leather; the green and blue cloths of Cuenca were eagerly sought for on the coast of Africa, and Turkey, and the sea-ports of the Levant. The blades of Toledo, the silks of Grenada, the harnesses, saddles, and gilt morocco of Cordova, the spices and sugars of Valentia, were celebrated throughout all Europe; and the Moors, content with the plentiful results of their labours, gradually habituated themselves to forget the past, and to enjoy the present consequences of their industry. Once conquerors, they became agriculturists, manufacturers, and tacitly submitted to the aggrandisement of their masters—to pay them extortionate taxes, and to heap on them the enjoyments and luxuries of civilisation, simply seeking in their stead peace and protection for themselves and their families. This was a state of things utterly incomprehensible to Bernard y Royos Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, and his brother. They consequently induced Juan de Ribera, patriarch of Antioch, archbishop of Valentia, known for his hatred of heresy, to present a memorial to the imbecile king, in which they urged him to banish all infidels from his kingdom, reserving only adults for the purposes of labour in the galleys and mines, and children under seven years to be reared in the christian creed.

The king consulted his minister and the grand inquisitor upon the subject of this memorial. The former expressed his opinion that it would be wise to await a favourable opportunity, whilst the latter declared that it was a measure that could not too speedily be brought into operation, and only regretted that the proposition of the archbishop was not stringent enough for the occasion. His advice was to exterminate all the Moors, *en masse*, according to the principles of St. Bartholomew, which spared neither females nor children.

Such a project, however, required deep precaution and a large employment of united forces, and at that critical crisis the flower of the Spanish army was engaged in the lower provinces and in the Irish campaign; accordingly it was determined

that this mighty secret should be strictly for the time preserved among themselves. The minister and grand inquisitor feigned to be convinced of the necessity of this precaution. It was, however, a matter of difficulty to induce the archbishop of Valentia to coincide in this decision. He could barely restrain the excess of his zeal, and neither spoke upon the subject, nor would suffer others to discuss it, without indulging in transports of pious rage, which he conceived to emanate from on high. The king, moreover, was on the point of marriage, and to select such a period for harsh extermination, instead of popular rejoicing, would be regarded as a matter of heartless oppression. It was consequently determined that at the approaching *consulta* of the king, no subject should be brought forward but that of the forthcoming royal nuptials.

The *consulta* of the king was a sort of privy council, held at the palace in the presence of the sovereign, and presided over by the minister. To this august assemblage none were admitted on important occasions but the grand inquisitor, the king's confessor, and a few favourites, who directed the will of the monarch, and caused him either to adopt or reject the counsels of others. Nevertheless, on so interesting an occasion as that which was about to take place, permission was given, for form sake, and as a mark of distinction, to a few young lords, belonging to the first families in Spain, who would eventually attain the Spanish peerage, to be present and even take a part in the important deliberations of the council. Accordingly, the Count de Lerma (whom the king had created a duke on the strength of his marriage, and for services he had not yet had time to render, but would in the end, no doubt), the Duke de Lerma, presented at this meeting his son, the Count de Uzeda, to the king. The Marquis de Miranda, in his turn, being the head of the house of Zunica, and president of the council of Castile, claimed a similar privilege for his relative, Don Fernand d'Albayda, one of the principal barons of the kingdom of Valentia and nephew to Don Juan d'Aguilar, commanding the royal troops in Ireland.

The youth, with the bashfulness natural to his age, blushed deeply, and bowed to the king, and that imposing assemblage which he had previously pictured to himself as possessing all the awing attributes of majesty, while several of the members of the council were earnestly discussing the colour of the dress they should wear on the queen's arrival. Don Sandoval, the grand inquisitor, counted his beads; the minister sketched on a parchment a duke's coronet, and Philip III, with his head thrown back

on his state chair, amused himself with counting the decorations of the ceiling. Juan de Ribera, archbishop of Valencia, was the only one of the group lost apparently in grave reflections, and seemed to be heedless of all passing around himself. The young Count de Uzeda, proud of his birth and of the position he held by virtue of his father's connexion with the court, gazed around him haughtily and vacantly, and when, accidentally as it were, his eye fell upon Fernand d'Albayda, he contemplated him scornfully, for he conceived that none but the prime minister's sons should share in the distinction which had been conferred on both alike.

The Duke de Lerma, after taking the orders of his majesty, proceeded to explain that a new alliance was about to unite still more closely the descendants of Charles V. His most catholic majesty was on the point of marriage with Margaret of Austria, daughter of the archduke Charles. He added that the young princess had arrived at Genoa, having left Graetz for Italy. But his grace omitted to mention that, in consequence of the sloth of those employed in making grand preparations for her reception, the fleet intended to convey the betrothed to Spain did not reach Genoa till several months subsequent to the princess's arrival in that city. The duke then entertained the council with an account of the magnificent entertainments which awaited the princess's arrival at Valencia, where the marriage was to be celebrated. Such was the splendour of these *fêtes*, so congenial to the sumptuous taste of the minister, that they would, he said, cost the treasury the sum of a million ducats; but, added he, "the exchequer is in so flourishing a state that it is justifiable to lay out so large an amount in celebration of the nuptials of the greatest monarch of the greatest kingdom in Europe."

Usually on occasions similar to that we have above recorded, when the minister had concluded his report to the council, no one spoke. The king expressed his approval with a nod, and every body could do the same, but, in the present instance, the duke, being particularly desirous of pushing his son forward on his first appearance on the diplomatic stage, addressing himself, in a patronising tone, to Uzeda and Fernand d'Albayda, said, "Well, my young lords, what say you to the tidings we have just announced? Now, counsellors as you are of the king, favour us with your opinion upon this important point. I feel assured that his majesty will be delighted to hear you."

The king having waved his hand by way of concurrence, the minister thus proceeded: "Now, my lord Fernand, how is it that you blush so deeply, do you feel timid

and embarrassed? Collect yourself. We simply solicit your opinion truthfully. I am sure the king will like to hear you."

The king nodded.

"Do not blush, Signor Albayda. Uzeda, I perceive, is about to show you the way;" and thereupon the duke made a signal to his son to commence his harangue.

The young man—evidently wishing to impress the idea that his address was extemporary, though there was very good reason to believe that it had been cut and dried a long time ago, and in all probability supervised by his father—accordingly addressed himself to the king, complimenting his august majesty on his manifold virtues, his exalted position, the wisdom of his rule, and the marriage he was about to contract. As a natural sequence, came a dashing eulogium on the remarkable merits of the minister, the ability of the report just read, and the present and future prosperity of Spain.

When it came to Fernand d'Albayda's turn to address the council, he commenced by modestly pleading on behalf of his youth and inexperience; "but," said he, "in the presence of my sovereign—in the presence of counsellors so able and so eloquent, all that is requisite for me to do is to tell the unvarnished truth." This, he said, was the only requital he could make for the honour of being heard. He then, frankly and with a noble bearing becoming the Castilian blood that flowed in his veins, expressed his delight in placing confidence on the fidelity of the picture of national prosperity which had just been displayed before them; it was beyond his ability to examine closely the statements made; but there was just one point in which he thought the minister had been shamefully misled, and regarding which he was of opinion that he could reveal certain indisputable facts. He then briefly explained the precise position of the province of Valencia, of which he was one of the first barons and most wealthy landholders. He proved that the towns and districts were overburdened by taxes—that these imposts had, for some time, been exacted for two years in advance, and that now, in consequence of the outlay required to defray the expenses of the forthcoming marriage, payment was demanded of a third, a circumstance that had given rise to great discontent among the people, especially as this determination of the government immediately preceded an event which should be ushered by joyous acclamations, instead of being accompanied with penury and privation—that he conceived it his duty to open the eyes of the king and his minister to so lamentable a fact, for it was evident that they were ignorant of the existence of such persecution, for it appeared to him unjust and impolitic,

when the rest of Spain was rejoicing at so happy a union as that which was about to be solemnised, that the province of Valentia alone—the very locality selected for the performance of the ceremonial, should be suffered to remain in so deplorable a condition.

These last words, spoken with marked firmness, manifestly disconcerted the Duke de Lerma and the rest of the council, especially when the king turned towards the minister, and exclaimed with unwonted energy—"The young man is right. It is necessary that our faithful subjects in Valentia should participate in the prosperity of the country which you have just depicted. Would it not be sound policy now to announce to the people of Valentia that on the occasion of my marriage they should be exempt from taxes for two years?"

Astounded at the profound silence that followed his speech and apprehending that he had gone too far, the king timidly inquired of those around him whether their opinion upon this point did not coincide with his.

The Duke of Lerma, who had often felt inclined to interrupt Fernand in his bold *exposé*, cast an angry glance towards him, and addressing himself to the king, in a tone of impatience, and a mock smile which he sought vainly to disguise, said, "If this young nobleman, Don Fernand d'Albayda, first baron of Valentia, knows how to administer the affairs of the state, and to fill your majesty's coffers without the exaction of the taxes which I have conceived it my duty to demand under peculiar circumstances, I beseech of him to reveal the secret. Do you know, of any Don Ferdinand?"

"Yes, your excellency," rejoined the youth, "I will pledge myself—I speak only of Valentia—not only to cause the immediate payment of the tribute you demand, but, within a very few days, to deposit in the public exchequer a fourth of the amount you require for the celebration of the royal nuptials."

The astonished minister raised his head to see if he were speaking seriously. The youth continued his address:—

"And what is more, those who shall bring you these amounts shall beseech your acceptance of them, and shall escort the king and his bride from Valentia to Madrid with hearty shouts of joy and guileless blessings!"

The king and the whole council arose, and exclaimed—"Speak, speak!"

#### ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

To whom is to be attributed the discovery of the new world, Columbus or Martin Behem? It appears, after careful in-

vestigation, that Behem has not the slightest claim to be called the discoverer of the New World, and that it is to the envious Portuguese, who had disdained the offer Columbus made to them, and who, to give a colourable claim to their statements, conceived the idea of putting Behem forth to bolster up their unfounded position. Behem was a native of Nuremberg, and it is said of him, "that he often thought of the antipodes and a western continent." He went to Portugal in 1459, and in the service of that country discovered the Azores, or Western Islands, but some Portuguese writers mention that Gonzalo Velho was the discoverer of them.

Behem having resided twenty years in the Azores, applied to the king of Portugal for means to start on an expedition to the "South-West," which was granted, and one of Behem's biographers mentions that he discovered Brazil, and that he even sailed to the Straits of Magellan. Mere assertion goes but a little way, and to substantiate no proofs are offered. In all probability it was some part of the coast of Africa Behem discovered, and not Brasil, which was only known to the Portuguese in 1500, eight years after Columbus had opened the way for future discoveries in the West. It is, however, said that there are letters preserved in the archives of Nuremberg, written by Behem in 1486, detailing his discovery of America, and a chart he made for the king of Portugal, showing the situation of the coast round the Straits of Magellan! And in the Latin chronicle of Hartman Shedd, 1485 is given as the year when the king of Portugal sent Behem as second in command of an expedition to the "southward," which crossed the equator, but nothing is said of the discovery of the western continent, although it was out twenty-six months from Lisbon.

Petrus Martius, two years before Columbus's first voyage, mentions "newly discovered islands;" these were meant for the Azores, and not the West Indies, as Behem's supporters would have us believe. Another writer, Cellarius, merely recapitulates what Shedd mentions.

Behem's biographers tell us that the before-mentioned facts prove his right to the glory of discoverer of the New World, but to the writer of these remarks there does not appear any right to come to such a conclusion; furthermore, it is stated that Magellan, in 1517, was led to the prosecution of his visit to America by seeing an old chart of Behem's; but 1519 was twenty-two years after Columbus had publicly declared that it was his opinion, founded on the result of study and investigation, and on which his mind was then matured.

In 1485, it is said by some, before he went on his voyage to the "south-west," for his discoveries of the Azores, the king of Portugal knighted Behem; but it seems more probable that this distinction was conferred upon him for the discovery of the kingdom of Congo and the existence of gold there. 1492 is put down as the year Behem returned to Nuremberg, and he is said to have made a globe, which is still preserved in the library there, on which he delineated western lands; and, from their position, supposed to be what we now know as Brazil.

There is no difficulty in admitting that Behem went to Nuremberg in 1492, but there is no proof that he made the said globe in that year; and it may be observed, that early in 1493, Columbus had returned to Spain after his first voyage to the New World, and the Nuremberg chronicle of that period mentions the discovery of Columbus, but nothing about Martin Behem in connection with it. Behem returned to Lisbon, and died there in 1505. Dr. Robertson, an authority in these matters, is of opinion that Behem has no claim whatever to the discovery Columbus made, but mentions that Behem was personally known to him, and that he (Behem) discovered the coast of Africa, the kingdom of Congo, in 1483.

It is a strong proof in favour of Columbus's priority of claim, his having offered his services to the king of Portugal; the monarch had the baseness of character to fit out an expedition in search of the lands Columbus supposed to exist towards the west. This expedition soon returned, being fearful to proceed farther.

Thus, for twenty-two years or more, before Columbus made his discovery, he was fully impressed with the belief that a western course would lead to the shores of India, and a western course would have done so had not a New World intervened.

Columbus having been neglected by the king of Portugal, went in 1485 to Spain. This same year Behem was on his voyage to Congo. Had he made the discovery of the New World, how is it that nothing transpired about it then, and that we hear little or nothing of his claims until nearly our own times?

A. F.

#### EXCESSIVE TOIL—£5000 FUND:

[In giving publicity to this address, it is scarcely necessary to say how much we sympathise with the cause, which we shall take every opportunity of supporting.]

In commencing this address, the committee feel that it would be unnecessary to say much with reference to the origin

and principles of the Metropolitan Draper's Association.

It is now nearly three years since the association was instituted, and its primary object—an abridgment of the hours of business—has as yet been but partially attained. Why is this? We will tell you. The funds placed at the disposal of the association have not admitted of more powerful measures being carried into operation. It is now conceded, by all who have given attention to the subject, that the cause of the late hours to which business is very generally protracted in all trades is the custom on the part of the public of evening shopping. To achieve, therefore, a general and permanent improvement, it is necessary to effect an alteration in the public mind. That alteration can only be produced by an extensive diffusion of information on the subject, showing the evils of the system, the causes of and the remedy for those evils; and appealing directly to every individual to assist in effecting the great improvement contemplated by the association. To accomplish the desired end, the following plan has been decided on:—

A prize is to be offered for the best tract upon that part of the question relating to the public; and this tract, when procured, is to be printed, and a copy of it, together with other documents bearing upon the subject, sent to every household in the metropolis, and, as far as possible, elsewhere. To meet the expenses incidental to so great an undertaking, a special fund of £5000 is to be raised; and, in doing this, the board of management earnestly appeal to the sympathy of all classes for support.

To the Assistants in the Drapery and all other trades, wholesale and retail, we first address ourselves, as being the most immediately interested; and we address all equally: for all will derive benefit from our success, and all will feel bitterly the withering effects of our failure. We appeal with the same confidence to our fellow-assistants in the country as to those in London; for no great good can take place in the metropolis without extending its influence to the provinces. In addition to which, as so many flock from all parts of the country to London—the great heart of the kingdom—it is to their interest to promote any change for the better in the place whither circumstances may be leading them. We would also emphatically impress upon the minds of assistants in other trades that there is nothing selfish in our object; but, even if there were, still our exertions could not fail to benefit them, and the measure which we have more immediately in view will be attended with fully as much advantage to them as to



ourselves, for a tract upon the evils of the late-hour system generally must be as effectual in favour of one trade as another. Come forward and assist us, then, one and all, in this grand effort! One strong and vigorous pull together will accomplish the object. Singly, no body of assistants would, perhaps, succeed in it; if all be united, it may be easily attained. Contribute something, however trifling the amount. Do not be withheld by an ignoble fear that you may be advancing your money without the certainty of a return. Victory already dawns! its consummation is sure, if we be not united, and put forth our strength to achieve it; and a generous friend of our cause, the Rev. Dr. Cumming, says, "Either we ought not to have begun, or, having begun, we must not withdraw till success shine unclouded on our path."

To Employers.—To you, gentlemen, we appeal with grateful feelings for the sympathy which has hitherto been manifested towards us by many of your body, and with the earnest hope of securing your co-operation for the future. We have never sought, we never shall seek, anything inimical to your interests; indeed, we cannot do so without injury to our own: for we conceive the interests of employers and employed in this important question to be identical. The burden of late hours falls as heavy, in many cases, upon the one as the other, and in one essential point we believe you will reap very great benefit; that is, in the improved character and profitable services of your assistants: for it is now universally admitted that men, worked within the limits of what they are able to perform, get through a greater amount of labour, and execute it more satisfactorily, than when worn out and fagged by over-toil. Under a system of shorter hours, therefore, your assistants would set about their avocations with greater cheerfulness and alacrity, and with a disposition to do as much as possible within the prescribed period, and that much as well as possible. Experience justifies us in believing, gentlemen, that such would be the result, and we hope that a similar conviction will induce you to contribute towards the fund we propose to raise.

To the Public.—It is upon the public, however, and upon you, ladies, in particular, that we mainly rest our hopes of getting rid of this system of late hours. It is only with your co-operation that we can ever achieve our emancipation. We cannot expect, in these times of competition, that our employers will close their shops of an evening, while you continue to throng them. Let us entreat of you, then, to abstain from doing so. If you were ac-

quainted with the injuries you inflict upon us by your late shopping—if you knew that year after year added thousands to the victims of this horrible system of protracted labour, who descend to a premature grave, in many cases unnoticed and unknown, we are convinced you would resolve, with one universal mind, never more to enter a shop after six or at the latest seven o'clock in the evening. It is under this conviction we build our hopes of not making this appeal in vain. Every good and generous impulse prompts us to sympathise with the sufferings of each other. We call upon you, then, ladies and gentlemen, earnestly and respectfully, to release us from the thralldom under which we groan. To every denomination of christians—for our subject may be regarded in a great degree as a religious one—to the philanthropist, and the philosopher, we alike appeal. The system is admitted upon all hands to be a hateful one. The voice of humanity calls loudly for its extirpation; justice demands it with equal vehemence, and religion prays for it. Who, then, can hesitate to come forward and aid us in our efforts to get rid of it? and this cannot be done more effectually than by generously contributing to the fund we are endeavouring to raise for its overthrow.

#### THE PROVIDENT CLERKS' BENEFIT-ASSOCIATION AND BENEVOLENT FUND.

[From Hood's Magazine.]

Having (we trust) profoundly at heart the well-doing of our species, and their advancement, moral and material, towards the highest attainable state of social development, and individual happiness, and comfort—we hold it as a part of our purpose, and our duty, to bestow our mite of encouragement upon all associations, societies, or projects, which, manifestly, have a bearing upon, and tend to, the peaceful expansion and progress which we hope to be in store for mankind. These mites, in the conduct of a magazine like ours, must be offered as the projects of them, either occupy the chief notice of the day, or as our attention is called to them by philanthropic individuals and parties have no mere self-seeking interests to serve. We cannot, amidst the pressure of the calls upon our time and space, undertake a systematic selection, in the exact order of the importance of the host of societies having claims upon our attention; but must deal with such as cross our observation at the moment, be they of first-rate, or of subordinate consequence, in the scale of beneficial agencies. Having said this much to guard our readers from expecting more

from us than a miscellany, which only appears once a month, can be required to provide, we proceed at once to give our meed of commendation in behalf of the meritorious and most useful association whose title forms the text-head of these comments. Its purposes, and its means of fulfilling such purposes, cannot be better or more fully described than in the following selected portion of its general prospectus. "It affords to clerks, and others, the means of making provision for themselves in old age: for their families, at their decease: and, of an endowment for their children:" it subdivides into the "life assurance and benefit department," the business of which is not confined to clerks exclusively, but embraces,

The benefits of mutual life assurance, in all its branches, on a safe scale of rates.

Annuities to commence at a specified age.

Division of two-thirds of the profits every five years.

Right to nominate any party to receive the amount of a life-policy, without expense.

Economical management.

Payment of policies secured by a separate guaranteed capital, in addition to the invested accumulations.

No entrance fee.

And "the benevolent department," the fund of which now amounts to 10,600*l.* stock, and is applicable for the following purposes, to clerks and their families, viz.—

Annuities to distressed members of three years' standing, of 25*l.* each; and to the widows of such members, of 15*l.* each. Annuities increase according to the length of membership.

Loans, gratuities, and allowances to members, and orphan children of deceased members.

Use of the "situation book" to members out of employ.

Medical advice, gratis, by the officers of the association, to the members. No entrance fee.

Clerks, assuring their lives (the annual premium varying from 1*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.* per cent., according to age, and which may be paid quarterly, half-yearly, or annually) or purchasing an annuity, &c., under the life assurance and benefit branch, become members, and participate in all the above advantages of both departments.

Clerks, not assuring, become members, and participate in all the privileges of the benevolent fund, by subscribing one guinea, or upwards, annually thereto, and which may be paid half-yearly or annually.

Under the denomination of clerk, every individual to whom the appellation is applicable is included, be he in the bank—or any government office—or with any of the

banking, or mercantile firms—or a solitary individual in a barrister's or solicitor's chambers or offices—or in a trader's shop or counting-house. Such individual, by payment of a solitary 1*l.* in half-yearly payments, can entitle himself to all the advantages of the benevolent department, including medical advice, when ill, and access to the situations-book, when out of employ; but by increasing this payment in a very small amount, he will not only retain all these enumerated advantages, but have insured his life, in addition, for 100*l.* to be paid to his wife, or assigns, in case of his decease. Supposing him to be a young man just of age, his payment, to combine both these benefits, will not deduct out of his earnings more than about 10*d.* a week! Need we add another word to induce all clerks who read these remarks to send to 42, Moorgate-street, for the printed rules of the association, in order to their taking immediate measures to join its ranks? Yes; one word or two more. The trustees of its rapidly accumulating benevolent fund of 10,000*l.* and upwards, are men of no less wealth and standing in society, than one of the Barings, one of the Hankeys, Prescott of the house of Grote and others, and Baron Lionel de Rothschild. Add to this, that all the leading banking and mercantile firms in the city, not merely patronise but subscribe to the benevolent fund; and that at each anniversary dinner, something like 1000*l.* has been contributed to increase the accumulated capital; and we think that no clerk (at least) who is not already on its lists, both for possibly-needed aid, or benevolence, as well as for assurance of life, can hesitate one moment, after perusing our explanations of its very many, and most unusual advantages, to become a member of "The Clerks' Mutual Benefit and Benevolent Fund Association."

### Reviews.

*History of Civilisation.* By William Alexander Mackinnon, F.R.S., M.P. (Second notice.)

[Longman and Co.]

We have, on a previous occasion, criticised the portion of this work which relates to the ancients. we must now turn to consider the history of England. It commences with a graphic account of the effects of the Conquest on the subsequent civilisation of this most important portion of the globe. The character of the tyrant, William of Normandy, is displayed in its true light. His oppression of the English was of the most galling description; however, all his endeavours, and those of his successors, to expatriate the Anglo-Saxons who had a spark of noble feeling, and crush every

remnant of the Saxon institutions, were unavailing. The Normans were the few, and they therefore soon lost that pre-eminence which they at first enjoyed. The towns, those great receptacles of freedom, gradually arose, industry and commerce, the foundations of England's prosperity, implanted in the soil a sturdy race of men, styled the middle classes. As the citizens increased in numbers and wealth, so the power of the nobles decreased. The former banded together to preserve themselves from oppression, and greater security of property was instantly felt. With security, commerce and wealth soon follow, and, by degrees, slowly indeed, but surely, the power of the townsmen increased, which enabled them, in the time of the great civil wars, to overthrow the power of Charles, and that of the great portion of the nobility, and laid the broad foundations of our freedom, until, by degrees, the present state of things has been brought about. All these events are fully pourtrayed in the "History of Civilisation in England." The true character of the English people is admirably displayed by Mr. Mackinnon as he follows them through the different stages of their advancement to their present state. Their courage, noble and enduring; their holy and natural love of free institutions, and their constant desire to effect any changes by constitutional means, and their unwillingness to rise in arms unless impelled by absolute necessity, were never, perhaps, more displayed than in the attempts of the Pretender to obtain possession of the crown of Great Britain. It was most universally found that, while the populous towns were in favour of the succession of the House of Hanover, and the triumph of liberal institutions, the remote rural districts, where the inhabitants were ignorant, were almost the only ones which would support the Pretenders and their tyrannical principles. To the history, certain miscellaneous chapters succeed, on the present state of civilisation in Britain, the monarchical power, the Houses of Lords and Commons. At this time, when there is so much political excitement, these chapters are exceedingly welcome. They are admirable expositions of their subjects. The chapter on the House of Lords particularly pleases us. We admire the tone in which it is written; there are no stale panegyrics on the aristocracy, but a fair account of it, and also of its power. It is, there is no doubt, because the House of Commons is governed so completely by public opinion that it is popular. We have a veneration for that body of men; we feel that there lies the real power and sinews of the state, so that without the House of Commons we feel that our greatness would evaporate. Its

members are the life, nay, the very soul of the state. In taking a candid and impartial review of the whole work, we feel assured that Mr. Mackinnon is capable of doing much towards diffusing a correct idea of public opinion. It is essentially a useful book, and being also lively and amusing, compels us, in spite of ourselves, to give it an attentive perusal. We are not of opinion that to convey instruction a book should be written in a cold formal style; on the contrary, the more the imagination is satisfied, the more will the knowledge and precepts of a book be attended to.

### The Gatherer.

*The Philosopher's Stone.*—The eccentric but brilliant John Randolph once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice—"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is—Pay as you go!" John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never one richer than that.

*Ox-Tail Soup.*—Prior to 1685, the butchers of London, in disposing of bullock-hides to the fellmongers, were accustomed to leave on the tails. The French refugees, however, bought them up, and introduced into use that nutritious dish called ox-tail soup.

*Thinking and Talking about being Gentle.*—There cannot be a surer proof of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking of being gentle—one must feel a strong tendency to that which one is always trying to avoid; whenever we pretend, on all occasions, a mighty contempt for anything, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves nearly on a level with it.—*William Hazlitt.*

*Railway Tell-Tale.*—A Mr. W. Constable, of Brighton, has suggested the construction of an instrument to be attached to a railway carriage that shall describe on a chart line indication of the various speed of a journey. Such a tell-tale would act as a wholesome check on a reckless engineer-driver, and be the means of preventing some of those accidents which are so injurious in their anticipation, and so horrible in their results.

*A Prim Lady.*—She looks as if she were fed with a quill; and when she opens her mouth to yawn, you would fancy that she was going to whistle.

"Out of darkness cometh forth light," as the printer's devil said when he looked into the ink-keg.

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